A new Spanish Tragedy.

OR,

More ſtrange newes from the narrow ſeas, diſcovering two moſt dreadfull Sea fights betweene the Spaniard and the Hollander, the firſt happened on September the 6th and the ſecond upon Friday the 11 of October laſt, in which were many 1000 ſlaine, and of the Spaniards was 16 ſhips grounded, 28 fired, ſome ſunke into the ſea, and ſome taken.

To the tune of the Angel *Gabriel*.

ALL you that are brave Saylors,
of courage ſtout and bold,
Give eare unto a fight at Sea,
I purpoſe to unfold,
Newes of a famous battell,
fought on the Ocean main,
Betweene the Hollander,
and a mighty Fleet of Spaine.

The King of Spaines great Navy,
for warre being ready bent,
About our coaſts lay hovering,
we know not their intent.
The Hollander perceiving this,
went towards them amaine,
Not fearing of the force,
of the mighty Fleet of Spaine.

The firſt of our September,
began a dreadfull fight,
Not ceaſing of the battell,
by day nor yet by night.
Untill ſuch time that thouſands,
on both ſides there were ſlaine,
Both of the Hollanders,
and the mighty Fleet of Spaine.

Much blood ſhed was amongſt them,
and many harmes were done,
Untill that they were forced to part,
by noble Pennington,
Who charg'd them to give over,
or elſe he told them plaine,
That he would ſinke their ſhips,
into the Ocean maine.

Whereby ſome of the Spaniards
thought to eſcape by flight,
The Hollanders prepared,
with them againe to fight,
And compaſſ'd them about,
their quarrell to maintaine,
Vowing to be revenged
on the mighty Fleet of Spaine.

And ſo upon the eleventh day,
in this moneth of October,
They had permiſſion for to fight,
neere Deal not farre from Dover,
The Dutchmen were reſolved,
to kill or to be ſlaine,
And bravely all prepared,
againſt the Fleet of Spaine.

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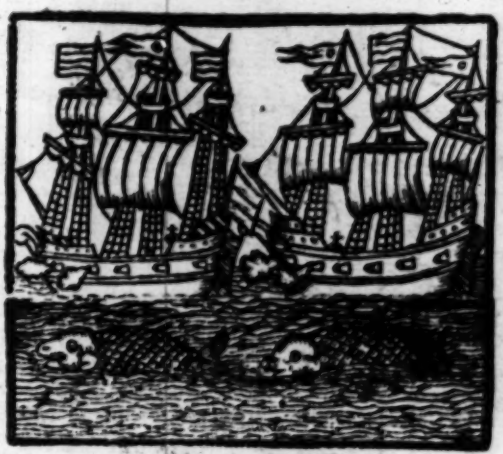
The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.



SO giving the firſt onſet
unto this ſecond Battell, (fyred,
Their Trumpets ſound, their Enſigns
and their warlike Drums did rattle:
The thundring Canons roar'd,
Bullets as thick as rain,
Came from the Holland ſhips
unto the Fleet of Spain.

No mercie 'mongſt theſe Enemies
could at that time be found,
Full 16 of the Spaniſh ſhips
were forc'd to run o'th ground.
28 more at Sea were fired,
thouſands of men were ſlain
Both of the Hollander,
and their enemies of Spaine.

The Spaniards in this conflict,
was much with terrour fill'd,
For one man of the Hollanders,
ten Spaniards then were kill'd,
Their Scooper-holes run down with
into the Ocean maine, (blood,
Which made them cry alas we ſhall
never returne to Spaine.

Good Lord it was great griefe to ſee,
dead men caſt on the ground:
Some had their very braines daſht out,
and others more were found
With mangled legs, and broken limbs,
and moſt of them were ſlaine,
Which did belong to Dunkerk,
and to the King of Spaine.

And as it was reported,
the Spaniards wanting ſhot,
They let flye gold and ſilver forre,
out of their Ordinance hot.
And much there was thrown overboord,
which will nere be found againe,
This miſery was then
amongſt the ſhips of Spaine.

And being thus diſtreſſed,
their men with fighting tired,
Some kil'd, ſome maim'd, ſome ſhot, ſom
and ſome on ſhip-boord fired, (drown'd
The remnant that remained,
no longer could maintaine.
The fight wherefore I thinke,
that they wiſh themſelves in Spaine.

But to conclude my Ditty,
I thinke there have not beene,
Since eighty eight, the like ſea fight,
neere unto England ſeene,
The Lord preſerve our gracious King,
and ſend him long to raigne,
In health, and wealth, and peace,
Gods Goſpel to maintaine.

London Printed for *Samuel Rand* on Holborne Bridge. *Finis.* L P.

1640 — 41

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

(M) wolt thou go and me
[illegible]

(M) wolt thou go and
tend me and
so my [illegible] dooth
thy [illegible] but thy [illegible]
thou rast not god but with my
[illegible] And that whirh is my
[illegible] And wit thou
wolt be gon and wit to thou
thou wolt gon And I stay
behind a lond sigh in the mond
the mor hart shall be to mound toll
ourdes toll thy returnd my
dood hart not be dood tostes
nor dood see but dos